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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Prayer in Time of War

(The war will change many things in art and life, and among them, it is to be hoped, many of our own ideas as to what is, and what is not "intellectual.")

Thou, whose deep ways are in the sea,
Whose footsteps are not known,
To-night a world that turned from Thee
Is waiting—at Thy throne.

The towering Babels that we raised
Where scoffing sophists brawl,
The little antichrists we praised—
The night is on them all.

The fool hath said. . The fool hath said. .
And we who deemed him wise,
We who believed that Thou wast dead,
How should we seek Thine eyes?

How should we seek to Thee for power
Who scorned Thee yesterday?
How should we kneel, in this dread hour?
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Grant us the single heart, once more,
That mocks no sacred thing,
The Sword of Truth our fathers wore
When Thou wast Lord and King.

Let darkness unto darkness tell
Our deep unspoken prayer,
For, while our souls in darkness dwell,
We know that Thou art there.

London Daily Mail. —*Afred Noyes.*

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CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXV THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1915. Number 2

THE HIGHER FELLOWSHIP.

Are you one of my gang?
Yes, you're one of my gang.
The same job is yours and mine,
To fix up the earth,
And so forth and so forth,
And make its dull emptiness shine.
The world is unfinished; let's mould it a bit
With pickaxe and shovel and spade;
We are gentlemen delvers, the gentry of brawn,
And to make the world over our trade.
And I love the sweet sound of our pickaxes' clang,
I'm glad to be with you. You're one of my gang.

Are you one of my crew?
Yes, you're one of my crew,
And we steer by the same pilot star,
On a trip that is long
And through storms that are strong;
But we sail for a port that is far.
O, the oceans are wide,—and we're glad they are wide,
And we know not the thitherward shore,—
But we never have sailed from the Less to the Less
But forever from More to the More.
And we deem that our dreams of far islands are true.
Let us spread every sail. You are one of my crew.

You belong to my club?
Yes, you're one of my club,
And this is our programme and plan:
To each do his part
To look into the heart
And get at the good that's in man.
Detectives of virtue and spies of the good
And sleuth-hounds of righteousness we.
Look out there, my brother! we're hot on your trail.
We'll find out how good you can be.
We would drive from our hearts the snake, tiger, and cub;
We're the Lodge of the Lovers. You're one of my club.

Do you go to my school?
Yes, you go to my school,
And we've learned the big lesson,—Be strong!
And to front the loud noise
With a spirit of poise
And drown down the noise with a song.
We have spelled the first line in the Primer of Fate;
We have spelled it, and dare not to shirk—
For its first and its greatest commandment to men
Is, "Work, and rejoice in your work."
Who is learned in this Primer will not be a fool—
You are one of my classmates. You go to my school.

You belong to my church?
Yes, you go to my church,—
Our names on the same old church roll—
The tide-waves of God
We believe are abroad
And flow into the creeks of each soul.
And the vessel we sail in is strong as the sea
That buffets and blows it about;
For the sea is God's sea as the ship is God's ship,
So we know not the meaning of doubt,
And we know, howsoever the vessel may lurch,
We've a Pilot to trust in. You go to my church.

Songs of the Average Man. —*Sam Walter Foss.*

In these awful war-days the gospel of Jesus is not on trial; but the followers of Christ are on trial. The non-Christian world may well ask with a sneer: What is the Christian Church worth? Apparently to be the best disciple of the Prince of Peace is to be the most efficient butcher of men! Apparently the most effective demonstration of Christian Faith is the devastation of an innocent nation,—Belgium! This outburst of most brutal barbarism makes all religious work supremely hard; prayers seem empty echoes; the Beatitudes have a hollow sound; even faith in God halts on stammering lips! Nations stand condemned at the judgment bar of History. No wonder: German and French have long turned their backs upon the Church; England has been too indifferent to the ways of the Spirit; the dying Pope, in August, in sorrow confessed himself powerless. We need prophets like those of ancient Israel to call us to repentance; to condemn us for our false professions; to scourge us for our selfishness; to chastise us for our hypocrisies. These world-woes must teach us that hatred means death but that righteousness is everlasting life.

J. H. C.

Today there is no end of discussions of "efficiency." This word slips quickly from every pen and drops with emphasis from every lip. We hear it not only in shop and market, mill and factory, but in college and church. Cities are hiring masters of efficiency to manage their affairs. Our educators are told that they must bend all their efforts to the increase of efficiency. Specialists in this line are founding schools to teach the new art, while experts in this branch are engaged by managers of gigantic industries to turn their searchlights upon these establishments. This spirit has invaded the sanctuary and ministers are implored to apply the science of efficiency to the salvation of souls! All this in a way is good. But what shall the standard of efficiency be? Efficient simply as a mechanic or as a man? Efficient as merely a money maker or as a son of God? Efficient in getting votes is one thing, but efficient in true patriotism is another and nobler enterprise. In much that is written and said on this subject lurks a low, selfish spirit that is really destructive of all high and holy "efficiency of life." Germany has been bending all her energies for forty years to make an "efficient fighting machine."

But measured by the devastation of Belgium that efficiency proves a curse to mankind and a lasting shame to the Fatherland. J. H. C.

A distinguished German professor, Dr. von Leyden, in a recent letter in the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* makes this statement: "We do not need them (the neutral nations). They are not necessary to our happiness nor to our more material interests. Let us bar them from our houses and our tables. Let us make them feel that we despise them. They must understand that they are condemned to be left out in the cold just because they do not merit German approval. Germany must and will stand alone. The Germans are the salt of the earth. They will fulfil their destiny, which is to rule the world and to control other nations for the benefit of mankind!" This and many similar utterances confirm the conclusion that the people of the Fatherland have gone stark mad. This is not the speech of a sane mind. Ambition and anger have dethroned reason and conscience. Germans must live in the world and Germany cannot prosper apart from her neighbors. What insane egotism: "We are the salt of the earth!" True culture and goodness are modest. What insane ambition: "We must rule the world!" That is the voice of Nero, not Christ. What insane selfishness: "Control other nations for the benefit of mankind!" That is unchristion hate. Here is not only insanity but idiocy. How benefit mankind, if all other nations are to be despised and ignored? It is this spirit that makes the world-horizon so black and the prospects of peace so dark.

J. H. C.

These are hard times for peace advocates. But on this account the earnest advocacy of peace as an ideal and arbitration as a world policy is all the more necessary. The woes and horrors of the present are unanswerable arguments against war. All "glory" (if they ever had any!) has disappeared from battlefields,—except as willingness to die for the good of others is everywhere glorious. But this real heroism is far more abundant in times of peace when men and women both live and die in glad, loving service for one another. Today the total impression of military activity is horrible and ghastly. Whoever thinks of devastated Belgium, sinking dreadnought, or corpse-strewn battle-line, must be impressed with the fact that, of all possible ways of settling disputes between nations, this is the worst that can possibly be imagined.

Therefore, let the pleas for peace go forth. But a higher note must be struck than the mere demand for reduction in armament,—good as that is in a way. It is not primarily the mere gun, but the hate in the man's heart behind the gun that does the mischief. Nations arm because they are selfish. The hatred of Germany for her neighbors (and they are not guiltless!) is the root of the world war. Not the Krupp gun but the Kaiser spirit. War began with hate, using stones and sticks. It will not end until hate ceases. Deadly weapons are not the cause of bloodshed, but brute passion. To stop war, love must conquer selfish desire for greed and glory. If the churches cannot make their gospel effective, let us shut them and try some other method. J. H. C.

A Tribute to Jenkin Lloyd Jones

My neighbor is given to saying: I send no flowers to the dead; I give them to my friends while they are living! In this spirit, as a long-time friend and associate, I ask you to print this simple appreciation of the editor of UNITY, who is now far away on the Pacific Coast and unable to throw this article into the wast basket, as his modesty would compel him to do were he at present sitting in the editorial chair.

I vividly remember when I first met Dr. Jones, nearly forty years ago, at a summer session of the Unitarian State Conference of Michigan, at Grand Haven. He was then settled at Janesville, Wisconsin, but he was giving much of his time to general missionary work as secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference. By his tireless activity in that capacity, he won this characterization by Brooke Herford (then doing larger things in Chicago): "A piece of unregulated dynamite." I still hold among my treasured possessions a general letter of introduction to the Unitarians of Boston (which I never used) signed by these four apostles of our faith, in the following order: Jenkin Lloyd Jones, J. T. Sunderland, George Willis Cooke (then our minister at Grand Haven), and Clark G. Howland,—a sweet and saintly soul; the only one of the four who has so far entered into the higher life (he was some years older than the others),—a remarkable circumstance, for that was nearly two score years ago.

I was then making my transition from the Baptist to the Unitarian Church. It was to me a momentous step, in some ways painful, in others joyous and inspiring. There were tears at the friendly partings from the parishioners who mourned my change of faith but gave me their blessings. There was disquieting uncertainty respecting place and position among so exclusive and learned a body as the Unitarians were supposed to be: a delusive exaggeration which experience soon removed! But there was joyous exhilaration as the horizon broadened, as the bonds of text and tradition fell away, and as the soul entered

into the freedom of a new consciousness of the nobility of life, the excellence of Jesus, and the nearness of God.

In that transition period I was fortunate in having the friendship of many helpful associates and especially that of Dr. Jones. He encouraged me to have faith in myself. He stirred me profoundly by his inspiring eloquence, his tender reverence, his boundless good cheer, his glowing optimism, his warm fellowship and inimitable smile and laughter. He opened doors of opportunity for me. He gave me more appreciation and commendation than I deserved,—as was his custom not only with me but also with many others. He early welcomed my crude contributions to the pages of UNITY,—one of the first an article on John Morley, then almost unknown in America. Those were days of great Unitarian expectations in the central West, and it was Dr. Jones who carried far and wide the flaming gospel of our faith.

I often think that few of us fully appreciate how great a man Jenkin Lloyd Jones really is: never speaking with uncertain sound on any of the leading issues and problems of the day; never turned from his chosen track by obstacles, illusive, or temptations of any sort, apparently as elastic as rubber, but in fact as firm as steel; never forgetful of lowly folk and common people, but neither servile, indifferent, nor unjust toward the high and mighty; never complaining of indifference and never tempted away from duty by flattery; never afraid of what looks like irreligion however crude and negative it may be, but always at heart loyal to the central principles of a vital Faith; never shrinking from hard tasks or monotonous drudgery, but pouring out his inexhaustible resources of mind and heart, however small the audience or commonplace the occasion. No worshipper of numbers, but daring to stand alone; no seeker for honors, but glad to have the appreciation of his fellow men; no slave to tradition or conventionality, but reverent of ancient sanctities; no friend of the sensational or spectacular, but making himself felt by force of character and fiery originality; no mere destroyer of idols, but a constructive radical. A man of passionate patriotism who can chastise his country when wrong; an apostle of lofty idealism who never loses his grip on practical conditions; a lover of books who uses them, not as bonds to cramp thought, but as tools to adorn life; a soldier in early training, who condemns the spirit of war,—in our civil war a good fighter but now a brave warrior for peace!

It is difficult to estimate the contributions which Dr. Jones has made to the currents of our national life; they have been numerous, varied, and valuable. Through UNITY he has touched with inspiration a choice constituency who in turn have widely enriched every department of American civilization. From his pulpit have gone forth sermons, original in form and content, stimulating in spirit, and powerful in influence. During his extensive lecturing tours, he has planted, far and wide, the seeds of culture, piety and civility, harvested from the broadest fields of literature and history. By his books he has been a helper to those who live in the spirit, leading many to see great visions, sing jubilant songs, and work the miracles of divine service. In his labors for the Parliament of Religions he made a notable contribution to one of the most dramatic and dynamic religious gatherings ever held. At Tower Hill maintaining a summer assembly of varied and wholesome education, Nature lending freedom to culture, and scholarship seeking to become natural. In the organization and management of his home-church,—union of widest piety ("All Souls") and highest patriotism ("Abraham Lincoln Centre"),—he has wrought out along unconventional and original lines an institution that will long perpetuate his influence, after he shall have rested from his labors.

But may those labors be continued for many years. The world still needs his rebuke of frivolity and pleasure-seeking; his condemnation of formalism, bigotry, and superstition in religion; his remonstrance against political corruption and industrial tyranny. But more, the world needs his plea for simplicity, sincerity, and spirituality in the church; his bountiful appreciation of the good in all faiths and his friendly hospitality to all discoveries of science and scholarship; his sane optimism, his robust faith, his unfailing spirit of good fellowship. A multitude of friends rejoice in his growing influence and earnestly pray for his continued happiness and prosperity.

Boston, Mass. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

THE WIND-FLOWER

Wind-flower, Wind-flower, why are you here?
This is a boisterous time of the year.
For blossoms as fragile and tender as you
To be out on the roadsides, in spring-raiment new!
The snowflakes yet flutter abroad in the air,
And the sleet and the tempest are weary to bear.
Have you not come here, pale darling, too soon?
You would seem more at home with blossoms of June.

"Why have I come here?" the Wind-flower said;
"Why?" and she gracefully nodded her head
As a breeze touched her petals. "Perhaps to show you
That the strong may be sometimes the delicate, too.
I am fed and refreshed by these cold, rushing rains;
The first melting snowdrifts brought life to my veins;
The storm rocked my cradle with lullabies wild;
I am here with the Wind,—because I am his child!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*

What the Church Can Do for Peace

This the church can do for peace—it can educate, it can elevate. It can lend its organization, its prestige, its influence to every movement that promises to give the people of Europe better control over their own affairs, that tends to reduce international jealousy and hate, that makes war making a more difficult task, that looks forward to lasting peace.

It is true that no nation in Europe has desired this war. No nation can gain from it wealth or strength, prestige of any sort. Not one man in a thousand has consciously tried or hoped to bring it on. Even those who regarded war as inevitable, "the sooner it is over the better," and those who regarded war as salutary and ennobling, all these were in the minority in number, and still further in the minority if measured by intelligence. The war today is popular with no people anywhere. The nations writhe in its toils, seeing no way of escape. They are filled with the exaltation of suffering and of patriotism, but they do not love this war. No man and no nation will assume responsibility for it. None dare say: "It is mine. I brought it on." To every nation it is a war of defense, and those who wield the bloodiest sword affirm that it was forced into their hands. In a sense this is true. In the struggle to maintain peace in a continent armed to the teeth, the friends of peace must not win their point once, twice, a dozen times, but at every crisis whatever and in every nation.

We may compare the situation to a game of football, in which the strong side, the right side is compelled to win, not a majority of every series, but to kick every goal. A single score by the enemy and all is lost. It is not one game alone, but many interlocking games. If the cause of peace loses one of its weakest defenses, it has lost the whole series. Science, religion, business, industry, have been all on the side of peace. War in Europe means wholesale ruin to all international credit, to all the interests of civilization. In the many war crises of the last six years, outside the Balkans, the side of peace has won. One phase or another of its mission has turned the scales. The bankers of Germany saved the day in the Morocco controversy. The jurists of Germany and France saved the day in the Casa Blanca affair. The influence of statesmanship kept neutral Europe out of the Boer War, and out of the war between the United States and Spain.

But in the affair at Sarajevo the war makers won. They carried their point not by a direct attack, but by a flank movement, an ultimatum launched in another country, leaving no time for its great banks and the great commercial interests in the countries concerned to be heard from. And the swiftness of war movements left no time for other nations concerned to have a tardy mind.

The state churches of Europe are branches of civil authority, standing close to the army and navy in privileged authority. They must support their nation, whether or not they serve God in doing so.

The free churches of free America are under no such obligation and they must stand for right so far as they understand it.

And the first movement that is right is toward peace. There is no need that this conflict should be fought to the end. The bitter end is a drawn game through exhaustion. There is no gain of any sort that we can see which compares to the saving of the lives of men. There is no great goddess of virtue to arise from "obscene seas of slaughter," and no reduction of hate to come from acts more and more hateful. There is a German proverb that "War creates more rascals than it kills," and another credited to Disraeli that "War is never a solution but an aggravation." And so we call at all times for peace, a lasting peace in Europe—a peace in which armament, so far as may be, shall not be competitive, but international.

We may work for the day when the people of each nation shall take a democratic hold on the government of each, and as befits such control shall place all practicable obstacles in the way of war. We may hope for this, but we must not rest on that hope. War, with victory or with defeat, will not bring this about.

No outside power can enforce democracy on any nation. If any country is redeemed from autocracy it must be from within, and the only influence which will bring it about is education in freedom.

Equally important is education in internationalism. Europe is not made up of divergent peoples with rival cultures, each repugnant to all others. European culture is all one, having its tap root in the culture of Judea, of Greece, and of Rome, and with its divergent branches in the different races of modern Europe.

Not long ago I stood on the mountains above Rjeka in Montenegro, looking to the southward over Albania, and to the westward over the Servian Novi-Bazar. The thought was inevitable that behind me lay the culture of western Europe—all the literature that most of us know, all the traditions, ways of thinking and ways of speaking which have risen from the breaking up of the Roman tongue, and the expansion of the Saxon and the Goth This is the ruling part of the world, dominant through intelligence, resourcefulness, persistence, and unfortunately through force of arms. To the south from Montenegro, to the east, toward the southwest, the northeast, lay the lands outside of our culture, knowing our thoughts and our hopes and our institutions only as we, through our teachers, our missionaries, our soldiers, and our explorers have carried the West to the East. And our culture of the West is the work of no one race, no one language. All that is ennobling is international. Our Shakespeares, our Goethes, our Dantes, our Racines, our Emersons, our Carlyles, are cosmopolitan. They are planetary, and the redemption of Europe must come from the recognition of this fact. No statesmanship worthy the name can consider solely the interests of one small nation. No patriotism worthy the name can be limited by the border fortifications piled up in hate. There must come sooner or later the United States of Europe, if Europe is to sway the minds and hearts, to say nothing of the bodies of the people of Asia and Africa. To be divided against itself in civil war is as fatal as it is abhorrent. A Greek soldier in Macedonia once confided to me that he could find no purpose in all this war. "I do not see why Christians should want to cut each other's throats."

Nor could I see a reason why. Nor do I believe that Christians want to do this. Some time the sorrow of the continent and the intelligence of the continent will get together to put away the knives. A world unarmed is a world which can give its attention

to deeds nobler and more strenuous than the writhing and welter of war.

It is not essential to the federation of Europe that there should be a formal head, a formal capital, an aggregation in one place of legislative and administrative machinery valid over the whole continent. A court of appeal seems the most important bond of union, and that already exists in potentiality in the tribunal at The Hague. It deals with international equity, and its decisions as it goes on can be crystallized into international law.

The essential thing in the federation of nations is the spirit of good-will, the ability of people and their rulers to think in planetary fashion. Europe has somewhat recovered from her medieval limitations of thought. She no longer thinks of national welfare as bound up in the domination of a dynasty, of an aristocracy, of a single form of religion. She cannot be induced to fight over these things, and she will some time see that there can be no national welfare that is not international on the one hand, and a composite of the welfare of the individual men and women on the other. There is great force in the suggestion that citizenship in Europe should be made not national but international, valid alike in all civilized states, as citizenship in one American state is valid alike in all others.

Economic rivalries are still given as excuses for war. These cannot be causes, as war is no remedy for mistakes in business, and their very existence is rather a misunderstood figure of speech than a fact. If German commerce with British possessions grows by leaps and bounds, the profit to the British is just as great as to the Germans, else the trade would not exist. If the American carrying trade has left the high seas, it is mainly because under the conditions imposed by statute or by circumstances, that business becomes unremunerative to Americans. If it would pay, our men of enterprise would go into it. But so long as the American flag is a costly luxury to steamship owners, so long will ships owned in New York and Philadelphia seek a foreign registration and fly a foreign flag.

And it avails nothing to offer subsidies to balance high wages and rigid regulations. There is no advantage in commerce, dependent upon subsidy, run at a loss, the deficiencies made up out of the public purse. There are many shipping lines in the world run on these terms already, and the tendency in all is to run down hill, to depend upon the subsidy instead of skill in management.

The protective tariff is everywhere an obstacle to peace. It is a burden on trade, and in some countries it becomes an intolerable burden. The pressure of Russia on Europe would be less if the channels of trade on land and sea were open to the West. The strain in the Balkan states, grown far worse since the Treaty of Bucharest, would disappear with a customs union. The pressure on the borders in Germany and Austria, the "Drang nach Osten" and the rest, would have been far less if trade ran unrestricted through Belgium and Holland, and through Roumania, Bulgaria, and Servia as well. Reciprocity in trade brings about the dissolution of the barriers of hate, so laboriously built up by exploiters, militarists, and the ministries which these two groups control.

The best bond of friendship between nations is found in the flow of trade. It is this which binds together the forty-eight United States in America. Whatever checks the free movement of commerce is a check on friendliness as well. Every tax on commerce is a bar to trade; and the free movement of trade is the life-blood of industrial nations. A customs union would have saved Germany and France.

With an unchecked current of friendly intercourse streaming through central Europe, across the Rhine and across the Alps, the monstrous fabrics of the Dreadnought period—bogies conjured up by those who make their living by cultivating hate—would vanish like icebergs caught in the Gulf Stream.

The costliest folly in the world is impersonal hate, the hatred of men who have done no harm and of whose lives and purposes you know nothing. Anything which reduces international hatred, anything which favors the flow of good-will across the boundaries, anything which makes war-making more difficult, all these are influences toward lasting peace.

The primal work, the natural work of the Christian Church is along these lines, as a large part of it, through all the ages, has resolutely maintained. "The force of arms," says Martin Luther, after the fateful battle of Landstuhl, "the force of arms must be kept far from matters of the gospel. This is the wisdom of my life." This was the lesson of the founder of the Christian religion, and it is the wisdom of the life of all his wise disciples.

The Homiletic Review. DAVID STARR JORDAN.

One of the most impressive lessons in the value of temperance which the world has ever seen is being taught us by Russia. In spite of the fact that the vast revenue derived from the tax on vodka was surrendered in the first six months of the war, the income from the taxes of the country rose by £15,500,000 over that of the year 1913. The general conclusion of the finance minister, M. Bark, is that their more temperate habits have made the people more productive, and therefore more able to bear the economic strain of the war. In an interview with the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* last week, he made the following remarkable statement: "As regards the budget for 1915, I have no fear. The loss of revenue from vodka will be met partly by economies, partly by fresh taxation, and partly by increased revenue from existing taxes. When I say that I have no fear for the future I am relying on the fact that the suppression of the vodka traffic has increased the productiveness of our people by between 30 and 40 per cent. The people have also increased their rate of saving, and have thus diverted their money into productive channels. Take, for instance, the position of the savings banks. As a result of the war nearly £4,000,000 was withdrawn, but on the totals the year 1914 has shown an increase of £8,500,000 over 1913, while the year 1913 only showed an increase of £3,800,000 over 1912. The difference is especially marked for December. This year deposits exceeded withdrawals by £2,900,000, while in December, 1913, the excess was only £65,700.

The Inquirer.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE VARIED TIDE OF LIFE AT THE MANSION.

The Diary:

October 1, 1867. Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Sedgwick arrive, accompanied by Lord and Lady Amberley. Lord A. is a son of Earl Russell and Lady A. is daughter of Lord Stanley.

October 26. Mr. Sawyer (the clairvoyant physician) spends today with us.

November 5. This is election day. I do not vote.

November 9. Charles D. Miller, wife and daughter return from Europe ten minutes before three this a. m. and are all in good health. The Lord be praised!

November 12. Rev. S. J. May and his daughter, Mrs. Wilkinson, come this p. m. November 14. They leave us.

November 25. A. H. Dunbar of Moravia, Cayuga County, comes to us this morning, and says that fifteen or sixteen years ago his house was blown away with himself and family in it; no one much injured, and that he had from me $100. November 26. Mr. Dunbar breakfasts with us.

Rev. Mr. Anagnos takes lunch with us.

January 8, 1868. Theodore Tilton arrives at 11 a. m. C. D. Miller goes with him this evening to Hamilton. January 9. They returned last evening. Mr. T. left us this day for Fulton, Oswego County.

February 14. Josiah Bartlett Burleigh, LL.D., takes dinner with us. Mr. B. worships with us.

February 27, 1868. Jonathan Ingersoll Bowditch and daughter Charlotte come at 4 p. m. February 28. They leave a little after noon.

March 10. Last night we spent in Syracuse and there heard Charles Dickens read.

April 6. Prof. Sherman (phrenologist) breakfasts with us.

April 15. A blind man dines with us.

April 16. Mrs. Susannah Evans Peck arrives at half-past 2 p. m. She is the Welsh temperance oratress. April 26. Mrs. Peck spoke this a. m. in Free Church.

May 23. Judge Conkling arrives this evening. June 17. Our excellent friend leaves us this a. m. for Geneseo.

In the family "Book of Rhymes," an album in which, during a space of many years, it was the custom of various members of the Peterboro household to relate incidents in more or less poetic numbers, Judge Conkling's departure, after this long visit, is made the occasion of a really touching tribute in verse by Gerrit Smith. Prefacing the lines, is this sentence, in Mr. Smith's hand:

Never did we have a visit that we valued more highly.

WE MISS YOU, JUDGE.

We miss you, Judge, for be it known
You'd come to be of us a part:
We miss you, Judge, for you had grown
Nearer each day to every heart.
We miss you when, unitedly,
We make our daily offering
In hope and faith and charity,
To the dear Father, friend and King.
We miss you as we sit around
The table where your mirth took wing:
No dish so spiced, but that it found
In your keen wit a seasoning.
We miss your wisdom, when our theme
Calls for a wisdom 'bove our own:
So prize we you, we almost deem
Clear thoughts, choice words, are yours alone.
We miss you in our daily walks
And in our frequent, cheerful rides;
In converse gay, and solemn talks;
We miss you countless times besides.
Of your dear self, we beg you take
A constant, wise and precious care;
Nor once forget that you're to make
A yearly trip to our pure air.

Judge Conkling was the father of Senator Roscoe Conkling. He was a man of wide learning and intellectual ability. To a native geniality of temperament was joined, in his case, an extremely sensitive, sympathetic nature, making him a friend to be cherished. In the course of his life he had experienced some severe reverses of fortune and deep personal sorrows. The Judge was as fond of his Peterboro friends as they were of him. He died in 1874.

From Hon. Roscoe Conkling:

Washington, February 11, 1874.

My Dear Mr. Smith:

In the sorrow of recent days it was a real solace to have your kind note.

My father, as you know, held you in his heart always, and talked of you very often and always with admiration and fondness. It would, of course, have been a satisfaction to see you at his funeral, but even without a word of explanation we should have felt and known that your presence at such a season was not to be.

It grieves me to know that you are ill, and a devout hope goes with this that you are better, and will long continue in happiness and usefulness.

Grateful for your kindness, I am

Sincerely

Your obt Servt

ROSCOE CONKLING.

To Honorable Gerrit Smith,
Peterboro, N. Y.

DEFENDS SENATORS WHO VOTED AGAINST CONVICTION IN JOHNSON IMPEACHMENT.

The Diary:

May 27, 1868, Yesterday the impeachment trial at Washington came to an end. The President is acquitted.

Gerrit Smith had been slower than many to believe evil of President Johnson, but he came at length to agree with those radicals who were instrumental in the impeachment. It is worth mentioning, however, that when the floodgates of wrath were opened upon those Republican Senators who had voted to clear the President, so far from joining the mad chorus, he defended the right of Senators to follow their conscientious judgment in the matter. In connection with some very wise words on the habit, too common even half a century ago, and far more common today, of reviling those whom the suffrage of the people have placed in high position, he wrote:

I have been led to make these remarks by seeing the recent calumnious and contemptuous treatment of the Chief Justice and such Senators as Mr. Fessenden and Mr. Trumbull, because they voted for the acquittal of the President. I wish they had voted for his conviction. . . . Nevertheless, in the light of their lifelong uprightness, I have not the least reason to doubt that they voted honestly. Nay, in the light of their eminent wisdom, I am bound to pause and inquire of my candid judgment whether they did not vote wisely as well as honestly.

The Diary:

June 9, 1868. Mr. T. W. Cardoza comes in the stage at 11 a. m. He was born in Charlotte, N. C., of a slave mother. He is a mulatto. His brother is Secretary of State of South Carolina. June 10. He leaves this a. m.

June 9. Joshua Hutchinson, of the musical family, comes this evening.

June 11. Prof. Marsh of Yale College dines with us.

June 30. Rev. S. J. May, Miss Estlin of Bristol, Eng., and Miss Sarah Pugh came about 3 p. m.

Miss Estlin represented an English Unitarian family distinguished for learning and philanthropy.

July 18. President Amzi L. Barker of Howard University, Washington City, breakfasts with us.

CAMPAIGNING FOR GRANT AND COLFAX.

September 4. I spoke in Oswego for Grant and Colfax. September 21. I leave home to speak in Geneva and Elmira. September 30. I go to Homer and Ithaca to speak. October 5. I go to Watertown to speak. October 10. I spoke in Canastota. October 16. I return from a speaking tour. I spoke in Syracuse, Wellsville and Olean. October 20. I spoke in Cooper Institute, New York. October 29. I go to Hamilton to speak there. October 30. I spoke at Cazenovia. October 31. I spoke in Morrisville.

November 3. I vote the Republican ticket.

Gerrit Smith entertained a high opinion of Gen. Grant. Of his greatness as a commander he simply shared the universal conviction. In addition, he believed that he possessed statesmanlike ability, coupled with an unspoiled heart. It was natural that he should support him. While holding in personal esteem many individual Democrats, the Democratic party continued to inspire him with deep distrust. Its candidate for President, Gov. Seymour, was his neighbor and friend; but he was not ready to submit the destinies of the country to Mr. Seymour's gentle hands. As the Diary shows, Mr. Smith entered wholeheartedly into the canvass in behalf of the Republican ticket and voted for all the persons named upon it when election day arrived. Results of the election were deeply gratifying to him.

The Diary:

March 26, 1869. Mrs. Blanchard, wife of President Blanchard of Wheaton College, Wheaton, Ill., comes this evening. March 29. She leaves us.

May 9. Madame Anneke and Miss Peckham of Milwaukee arrive a little after noon. March 11. They leave this a. m.

September 17. Alvin Bronson and others arrive from Oswego.

November 2. Election day. I put tickets in the Constitution boxes only. I vote for no man.

So soon had Gerrit Smith's "political regularity" come to an end. The main obstacle at this date to his voting the Republican ticket was the unsatisfactory attitude of party and candidates on the question of temperance.

November 11. Mr. Lewes' daughter, and Miss Phillips, concert singers, come this p. m. November 12. Our guests leave us.

November 17. James G. Clark, the musician, arrives. November 18. He leaves us.

December 4. Miss Edmonia Highgate and Edward Wheeler arrive this evening. December 5. Miss Highgate speaks this evening in Free Church. December 6. She leaves us.

December 6. Our great-grandson, Gerrit Smith Miller, was born at 12 o'clock this day.

February 2, 1870. Dr. F. R. Lees of England arrives. February 6. Dr. Lees spoke in Free Church this a. m. and in Methodist Church this p. m. February 7. Dr. Lees and I attended a temperance meeting in Canastota this p. m.

June 13. I go to Ithaca to hear my son's first lecture on Birds. June 18. Greene is to leave tomorrow for Brazil. He goes there to extend his collection of birds. June 20. Greene is suffering from rheumatism and will probably not be able to go to Brazil.

Leo Miller speaks in Free Church.

THE ANTI-DRAMSHOP PARTY.

September 17. I return (from Canandaigua, where an anti-dramshop meeting had been held) and find Col. Albert T. Morgan of Mississippi and wife (a charming colored lady) here. They came 15th inst. September 20. Col. and Mrs. Morgan leave us this afternoon.

Gerrit Smith had been, since the date early in his career, when he became seriously impressed with the appalling evils of intemperance, constantly occupied in one form or another of temperance endeavor. He had held aloof from such organizations as the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars because of his repugnance to all secret societies. But he had labored, in the first stage of his advocacy of the cause of sobriety and sanity, to induce people to take the pledge of total abstinence. When the Maine Law form of suppressing the traffic was brought forward, he supported that movement with all his energies; and now, in his age, he had organized the Anti-Dramshop party, in the hope of reducing the vast and unspeakable evils of liquor drinking by closing the place, licensed for its sale. Into this last of his many campaigns for temperance, he put as much vigorous effort as had gone to any of his former ones. Among other things, he established a weekly newspaper, under the editorship of Mr. L. S. Crandall. The paper was an excellent family journal, standing for every good thing. It bore upon its first page, beneath the display title, this sentence: *"The first need of the nation is to get the nation sober."* And on the editorial page, at the head of the first column, the words were kept standing: *"We must learn to follow our principles wherever they lead, in social, in business, in home and political life. We must pray, plan, practice, preach, then vote as we preach."*

SAM. J. MAY

The Diary:

October 4, 1870. Wm. H. Burleigh, wife and granddaughter Mildred come. October 7. They leave us for Canandaigua.

October 6. Our dear grandson, Willie, returns from Europe.

November 6. At 3 p. m. my neighbors assembled in front of our piazza and Mr. Sumner spoke to them for upward of an hour. November 7. Mr. Sumner leaves about noon. My meeting with my dear friend Sumner was a happy, a very happy one.

January 17, 1871. This evening President Blanchard comes. (Wheaton College.)

LAST LETTER TO SAMUEL J. MAY—HIS DEATH—CHARACTER OF MR. MAY.

To Rev. Samuel J. May:

Peterboro, February 15, 1871.

My Dear Friend:

I thank you for the little pamphlets. . . . You are still preaching and still lame, I learned from our friend Mundy, whose excellent sermon at Canastota last Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing. Very glad shall I be when you and he visit us.

I am not very well this winter.

Heaven bless you!

This was Mr. Smith's last letter to his friend of many years. The looked-for visit was not made. Mr. May died on Saturday evening, July 1. On the 3rd this entry appears in the Diary:

This evening's mail brings a letter from good Mr. Sedgwick informing me of the death of my beloved friend, Samuel J. May. I am shocked; I am distressed by this news. And yet, why should I be? God give me peace! His own peace! July 5. Gerrit goes with me to Syracuse to look upon the remains of dear S. J. May.

Mr. Smith wrote to Mr. Alfred Wilkinson, Mr. May's son-in-law: "Mr. May was the most Christ-like man I ever knew. He made Christ his pattern, and how successfully was proved by his never-failing gentleness, meekness and sweetness. Heaven is more desirable to me now that my dear May is there."

Samuel J. May was the most beloved citizen of Syracuse. Never so universal a feeling of grief over the death of any person in that city, as his death occasioned. An outspoken opponent of everything evil, allied during the years before the War with the unpopular abolition cause, it is yet doubtful whether he had an enemy. His benign, unselfish, transparently sincere and friendly nature conquered all hearts. Well had he been named "The Lord's Chore-boy," for he had earned that title of high honor by years of varied service in behalf of his fellowmen.

Among the abolitionists, whose deep convictions led to much mutual opposition and uncharity, he was the peace-maker. All respected and loved him, however they might distrust each other's wisdom and devotion. Many a stormy anti-slavery meeting was calmed by Mr. May's overflowing spirit of good-will, and turned into a sort of brotherly love feast.

Mr. May was a conservative among Unitarians, but his charity opened to embrace every sincere soul. His religious program was that of his Master, Jesus, viz.: the transformation of this present world into a true province of the kingdom of Heaven. At the same time his consciousness of immortality was strong above that of most men. "I have never seen, save in a single other case," writes Andrew D. White, in his Autobiography, "such living faith in the reality of another world. Again and again Mr. May said to me in the most cheerful way imaginable, 'I am as much convinced of the existence of a future state as of these scenes about me; and to tell the truth, now that my work here is ended, I am becoming very curious to know what the next stage of existence is like.'" [1]

The Diary:

February 27. Three Oneida chiefs visit and dine with us, viz.: Rev. Mr. Cornelius, Mr. Skenandogh and Mr. Webster.

The Oneidas never ceased to hold Mr. Smith in most friendly regard. The son of Kasungalolus, to whom their fathers had been devoted, he had succeeded to Judge Smith's place in the unforgetting Indian heart; but in addition he had, by his own friendliness, justified their confidence and esteem. One of the kindly actions remembered by the Oneidas to Mr. Smith's credit, connected itself with an epidemic of small-pox that ravaged their tribe a generation and more prior to this date. He went among them at that time, attended to measures for the proper care of the sick, reassured the well ones, and continued his attentions until the disease was conquered.

1. Vol. I, page 163.

Parents and Education

The lesson of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" is one that appears to have a wide application. There are many things besides happiness that are waiting for us at home, quietly, unobtrusively waiting, while we vainly seek for them in the big world at great cost and with great labor. One of these is education—*higher education,* if we define that term as the education that comes first in productiveness instead of last in time.

That the highest education of all—the education that makes all things possible—must be given to children by parents and in the home has been my conviction for several years. It came to me gradually, not as a theory, but as a fact developing from my own experiments with my own child and the children of friends. It took hold of me overwhelmingly as I watched and compared the effects of home and school training upon the children who had been intrusted to my care. It seems to me to have been conclusively proved by the remarkable little Sidis boy and others scarcely less remarkable whose stories have appeared in the magazines.

Believing that in the right sort of home intelligent parents who begin early and proceed wisely can do almost anything with their children, I feel it to be supremely important that intelligent parents generally should be cognizant of the fact, and that they should become thoroughly posted as to what it is wise to do and how best to do it. For this reason I wish to plead the cause of the Home and School Association, which is to me the most hopeful indication of modern educational progress, being the only organized effort to introduce the great unsolved educational problem to the only people who can possibly solve it.

My first experience with an organization of parents and teachers was a peculiarly fortunate one. After leaving college I spent one year as student assistant in a public kindergarten in which mothers and teachers met at regular intervals to discuss educational problems. The subject of the first meeting that I attended was "Teaching Obedience," and it was discussed freely by the mothers. As an inexperienced girl, engaged to be married and knowing absolutely nothing about bringing up children, I was fascinted. When Mrs. L—— expressed her opinions, I took them with several grains of salt. Her Joseph was one of my daily responsibilities. That very morning I had been obliged to seize with both hands his fast disappearing little feet, and extract him forcibly and most undignifiedly from the deep recesses of the supply cupboard, so I knew just how obedient he was not. But when Mrs. M—— spoke, I believed every

word, because of the co-operative teachableness of her children, who were the admiration of the school. The subject of the second meeting was "How to Develop Self-Control," and so on through the year I listened to the discussion of such vitally important questions by people who spoke from personal experience, and so knew.

A few years later, when I found myself with a baby in my arms, I realized that the most valuable part of my education had undoubtedly been received from those kindergarten mothers' meetings. They had given me something to live by and work by, something that brought results. I had learned from those mothers, first, how much it is possible for a mother to do; second, that, to do anything at all, a mother must begin at the very beginning. There is nothing new about those ideas. They are both proverbial, not to say trite; but they had come to me as living facts straight out of the world of real things, and I shaped my life and the life of my child accordingly.

It does not take a physician to make for a child a healthy physical environment, nor a clergyman to provide a wholesome moral one. Neither does it require a psychologist nor even a teacher to give the right trend to mental development. Any mother with a little educated good sense and plenty of enthusiasm can work these things out for herself, and to suit the peculiarities of her own children. The first thing to do is to have a definite purpose. I put the physical development first as being fundamental, then the moral, and last I determined that my Suzanne should love learning for its own sake; I wanted her to be a student, a lover of books. These were the points that I kept uppermost in my mind during the first few years of her life, the things that I chose to "begin from the very beginning." I worked somewhat after the manner of Dr. Sidis, though with less system; and the results were quite as startling as they were unexpected. The child learned to read as naturally as she learned to talk, and with no more effort. She accumulated all sorts of knowledge in a perfectly unconscious way, just for the fun of it. I would have been alarmed at my superlative success if it had not seemed so perfectly natural.

When Suzanne was six, I put her into the public school with children of her own age. Realizing how much I owed to the mothers' meetings of old, I had hoped there would be something of the sort in connection with her school, but there was not; the mothers of the community seemed indifferent to all educational matters, and very few ever visited the schools except with some complaint or grievance. Disappointed, but not discouraged, I set aside a morning of each week for the purpose of visiting the school and studying the educational machine. This was not a simple matter, for at that time I kept no servant and was very busy with domestic affairs; but I felt that I must know exactly what was done in the school, and how it was done, else how could I make the home supplement the school? And so I became intimate with the teachers, and gained the immense advantage of seeing things educational from their standpoint; I studied the children and gained the further advantage of understanding childhood in general; I became acquainted with the course of study in the various grades, and found that often I could teach Suzanne in ten minutes what took weeks for a large class to master in the schoolroom.

After Suzanne had been in the first grade for about two months her teacher said to me one day:

"Mrs. Childe, it breaks my heart to think of giving Suzanne up, but I must tell you that the first grade is not where she belongs. She really ought to be in the third or fourth."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "She is hardly more than a baby. Is there nothing in the first grade that she needs?"

"Absolutely nothing," was the positive assurance. "Her development seems perfectly symmetrical; I can't find a single weak spot."

I allowed Suzanne to go for two months in the second grade, and became convinced on my own account that there was nothing there that she needed. Then I took her out of school entirely, feeling that since home life had done so much for her it could be trusted further. For several years I kept putting her back into school for short periods to give her a taste of school life and test her home training in order to be sure that we were making no mistake; but there has never been a time when she could be classed mentally with children near her own age. Altogether she spent in the grades less than twelve months.

Last year, when she was thirteen years old, Suzanne was made to feel somewhat inferior by some of her acquaintances, who told her that she was getting way behind by staying out of school. So I put her into an eighth-grade class with a teacher who was an entire stranger, making the request that if she seemed fully prepared she be passed on into the high school. After a week I visited the school to see how she was getting on. The teacher came to me at once.

"Mrs. Childe," she said with great earnestness, "I want you to tell me *how you have trained that child;* I would be the happiest woman in the city if I could accomplish half as much with my class."

So after six weeks in the eighth grade Suzanne was admitted to the high school, though her teacher protested:

"Really, if I were you, I would not bother her with high school and college. She is already educated; she has the taste, the power, the appreciation, that we send children to high school and college to get."

So much for what the mothers' meeting and my intimacy with things pedagogical had helped me to do for my own child; but I found it impossible to stop there. For one who has felt the fascination of bringing to light and developing in the best way the wonderful possibilities that are common to childhood an only child is altogether insufficient; and the spectacle presented in every public school of children whose lives could be transformed and whose futures could be infinitely blessed by a little educational mothering made me borrow and beg from friends and neighbors in order to keep my home school from becoming extinct. I have taken nervous, high-strung little girls whose health was being seriously injured by the pressure of the schoolroom, have watched them grow rosy and plump in the wholesome atmosphere of the home educational where there is nobody to get ahead of one and nobody for one to get ahead of. After a year or a year and a half I have put them back with their classes, and had the satisfaction of realizing that they had not only kept pace, but had so gained

in mental grasp and independence that they could do the school work comfortably and without strain. There are at present two children, utter misfits in the schoolroom, who are doing their lessons at my dining-room table. At school they were doing nothing—worse than nothing, for they were contracting habits of inefficient, careless work; in the home educational they are acquiring, in addition to grammar, arithmetic, and the like, a tremendously important accomplishment, *the work habit.*

In all this work I have but two regrets: First, that I have time and opportunity to help so few children when I know that the education of ninety per cent of all school children could be doubled in value by the right sort of home co-operation. Second, that those I do work with come to me so late, after so much mischief has been done. If I could only begin at the beginning, I could accomplish so much more! The only solution of these two difficulties lies in the awakening of parents to the realization of their part in education. Strange to say, this is all but impossible, so powerful an anæsthetic is the prevailing blind confidence in the educational machine.

"I believe in the public school. Children need the discipline, and they need the contact of their own kind." This is the conclusive argument advanced by thousands of the best fathers and mothers, most of whom have scarcely been inside a schoolroom since their own childhood. It is mischievous because it is the truth, but not the whole truth. Every sane person must believe in the public schools; we could not do without them. All children unquestionably need discipline as well as contact with their kind; but a great many of them seem to dodge most of the discipline of the school, and the vast majority get far more of the contact with their kind than is good for them. The point is that there are innumerable influences that children as individuals need, influences that the school cannot possibly supply; and the only way to learn what they are and how to supply them is to get into intimate touch with parents who are accomplishing things, with teachers who know the limitations of the school, and with the children themselves actually engaged in classroom work; to become, in short, thoroughly conversant with the general problem of elementary education. Any mother who does this will see endless opportunities to make herself an invaluable factor in the education of her children.

And so I assert emphatically that the Home and School Association is the most hopeful indication of modern educational progress. The most discouraging feature is the apathy and indifference of fathers and mothers. When the nation-wide movement to organize parents and teachers, and so to secure co-operation between home and school, came to our city, I was very enthusiastic about it. I felt that my dreams, some of them at least, were about to be realized; that the organization would be not only well supported but welcomed as a long-felt want; that parents would be the first to recognize its necessity, and would take the initiative in the work. I was mistaken. It is the teacher, daily struggling with the educational problem, who realizes the failure of the home; it is the teacher who is taking the initiative in the attempt to organize for the enlightenment of the home. The home is so utterly ignorant of the whole subject that it does not even know that it ought to be enlightened. Parents are so indifferent in the matter that they do not even attend the meetings. In one large downtown school in our city only thirteen parents attended, and in many other schools the outlook is hardly more encouraging. In our own school we have what is considered a very flourishing organization, but we are able to interest only about thirty of the mothers to the point where they remember to come to the meetings; there ought to be two hundred.

"I have been so busy! I simply can't find time to visit the school and attend these meetings," is the usual excuse of the absentees. And it is perfectly true. In this age of hurry and rush we cannot find time for anything; *we have to make it.* And make it we certainly will when we fully realize that the success, mediocrity, or failure of our children is the responsibility, not of the school, but of the home. Other interests, even important ones, will appear trivial in comparison.

And so I would say with all earnestness to every father and every mother: Join and actively support the Home and School Association of your community; if you have nothing to gain from it, then you have *very much to give to it.* And if there happens to be no such association in your school, organize one; not the kind that gathers to listen to an entertaining lecture, partakes of lemonade and wafers, and goes gayly home, but one that meets seriously and earnestly for the definite purpose of discovering the place of the home in the education of the child.

Elizabeth Childe.

The Outlook, March 3, 1915.

MADISON CAWEIN.

The wind makes moan, the water runneth chill;
I hear the nymphs go crying through the brake;
And roaming mournfully from hill to hill
The maenads all are silent for his sake!

He loved thy pipe, O wreathed and piping Pan!
So play'st thou sadly, lone within thine hollow;
He was thy blood, if ever mortal man,
Therefore thou weepest—even thou, Apollo!

But O, the grieving of the Little Things,
Above the pipe and lyre, throughout the woods!
The beating of a thousand airy wings,
The cry of all the fragile multitudes!

The moth flits desolate, the tree-toad calls,
Telling the sorrow of the elf and fay;
The cricket, little harper of the walls,
Puts up his harp—hath quite forgot to play!

And risen on these winter paths anew,
The wilding blossoms make a tender sound;
The purple weed, the morning-glory blue,
And all the timid darlings of the ground!

Here, here the pain is sharpest! For he walked
As one of these—and they knew naught of fear,
But told him daily happenings and talked
Their lovely secrets in his listening ear!

Yet we do bid them grieve, and tell their grief;
Else were they thankless, else were all untrue;
O wind and stream, O bee and bird and leaf,
Mourn for your poet, with a long adieu!

Louisville Evening Post. —*Margaret Steele Anderson.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

MON.—Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.

TUES.—Men in great places are thrice servants,—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business.

WED.—Chiefly, the mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands.

THURS.—A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.

FRI.—Cato said the best way to keep good acts in memory was to refresh them with new.

SAT.—Knowledge is power.

—Francis Bacon.

THE NEST.

Glad is the grove with light,
And the glen is song-caressed,
But longing comes ere night
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,
And distant hills more blue,—
Still claims that nest my care
In the dawn—in the dew;

For tho the wild may woo
My wing to many a quest,
Sweet in the dawn and the dew
Are home and rest!

Scribner's. *—Florence Earle Coates.*

That Dog "Tiz"

He was just a plain yellow dog, without any pedigree, but he was our dog and we thought all the world of him, just the same.

As to his name, well, a neighbor had promised us one and when we called for it he threw open the woodshed door and pointing to where a half dozen little beauties were playing about said, while a broad grin lit up his face:

"Well, here 'tis, boys! You can take your pick!"

That was in the halcyon days of youth when brother Lige and I were just school kids, and like most other boys of our age not content without a dog. We thought we must have one at any cost. Why, at that time we would have given all our earthly possessions, consisting of a dollar watch, two jack-knives, a fish-hook or two and a gimlet, just for a dog of most any age, size or color, even if 'twas nothing but a pup.

Time and again we had been promised a dog only to find that promises like pie crust were easily broken. There was always one excuse or another. It is so easy to invent excuses for broken promises, wrong as it may be. So the winter wore itself away and melted into spring. The April showers had brought the May flowers in abundance. The little dog-house that we had taken such pains to build snug and warm for the winter months was still empty. All winter it had been hidden from sight under the great white drift. Now its little door stood invitingly open, letting in the sunshine, while the south winds played over it, but no little doggie came in or out; there was none to take possession.

Then one bright morning in May when the blossoms were falling like snow from the fruit trees, a very pleasant surprise came—something unexpected. We were busy about our chores as usual when dad fairly gave us a thrill by saying:

"Now, boys, you can have that dog you've been teasing me so long about."

"Oh, dad! Is that so?" we both cried in chorus as we danced around him for very joy. "Do tell us all about it!"

"Well," said dad in reply, "I've only been waiting till the little fellow was old enough to take from his mammy. There is a half dozen in the bunch, and Neighbor Brown says you boys can have the first pick. So you better call on your way home from school tonight and bring him with you."

We did, of course, and the strangest part of it all was that we should pick out the homeliest one of the whole bunch. But we were well pleased and proud of our prize just the same.

And, lugging him home in a basket, we both shouted gleefully as we turned him loose, "Here 'tis, dad! here 'tis!"

Our Dumb Animals. *—E. V. Benedict.*

Planting the Flag in Belgium

When we first began our work in Belgium the people did not know who we were and did not know what we wanted. They thought we were trying to sell them something. Many of them had never heard of the United States and did not know that there existed a class of people who would send across the seas free ship-loads of food to them. Today they do understand.

It brings a peculiar sensation to your heart when you think of those thousands upon thousands of unfortunate, patiently suffering, and still hoping people in Belgium, thousands and thousands of whom don't know exactly where the United States is, but every one of whom can locate it in their hearts. Even the mites of children know where the food that is keeping their parents and themselves alive comes from, and nearly every one of them possesses a little American flag, with a star or two missing perhaps, but an American flag just the same, and in nearly every case the flag was "Made in Belgium" by the people themselves.

The New York Times. *—Capt. J. F. Lucey.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF CHARITIES AT BALTIMORE

Chicago, February 11th.—Announcement has been made from the headquarter's office of the National Conference of Charities and Correction of the preliminary program for its forty-second annual meeting at Baltimore, Md,. May 12th to 19th. The conference will meet under the presidency of Mrs. John M. Glenn, of New York, the second woman president it has ever had.

The program contains the names of over fifty leading charity workers and penologists, and it is anticipated that the unprecedented social situation of the present year will result in a conference of unique values. The program in "The Family and the Community" will result in considerable discussion of methods of treating individual cases of poverty, as, for example, a study of "The Psychology of Co-operation." Prof. Henry R. Seager of Columbia University will give an address on the "Causes and Remedies of Unemployment."

The program on "Children" will include a study of comprehensive community plans in work for children and practical results of children's agencies in respect to rehabilitation. It is the expectation of the chairman of this section, Mr. C. C. Carstens of Boston, to make as clear a statement as possible of the relations of social agencies in treatment of children to other agencies for constructive and preventive work.

The division on "Corrections" includes a complete description of the extensive Toronto plan of outdoor reformatory treatment of prisoners by the superintendent, Dr. J. T. Gilmour, and a summary of recent advancement in methods of parole treatment of prisoners in county jails by Judge A. C. Backus of Milwaukee. The popular subject of payment of wages to prisoners will be treated by two speakers, and on another occasion, Dr. Irwin H. Neff, superintendent of the Foxborough State Hospital of Massachusetts, and Dr. G. Linthicum of Baltimore will speak on the treatment of inebriety and its relation to crime. A program on the policewoman will be rendered under the chairmanship of Mrs. Alice Stebbins Wells of Los Angeles, the first policewoman in the United States.

In previous years the National Conference has treated the extent of scientific knowledge of the question of prostitution and the value of current methods of popular education. This year, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Martha P. Falconer, superintendent of the State School for Girls at Darling, Pa., the question will be asked, "How shall the evil be suppressed?" The speakers on this subject include Dr. Katherine Bement Davis, commissioner of corrections of the city of New York, and Miss Maude E. Miner, secretary of the Probation and Protective Association of that city.

The National Conference has twice in the past had standing committees on the relation of the church to social work, under the chairmanship respectively of Dr. Washington Gladden and John M. Glenn. It is expected this year to emphasize these relationships practically through the participation of ministers and church workers in the discussion of such subjects as are scheduled. Dr. W. Russell Bowie, rector of St. Paul's Church, Richmond, Va., will preach the conference sermon.

Other divisions of the program are: Education for social work, the family and the community, health, public and private charities, social legislation, and state care of the insane, feeble-minded and epileptic.

A MOVEMENT FOR BETTER MOTION PICTURES

The *Woman's Home Companion* has started a movement for better motion pictures. Several hundred films will be submitted to the editors of that magazine each month in advance of their release to the motion picture houses. From these the editors will select from 40 to 75 which, in their estimation, are especially commendable both from an artistic and ethical standpoint. The names of these films will be published in the magazine. These films are recommended to women's clubs, to librarians, to teachers, and to parents as clean, wholesome, educational and en-

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tertaining exhibits, worthy of patronage. Of the importance of elevating motion pictures in the United States, the March *Woman's Home Companion* says in part:

"Within the last few years there have sprung up in your community branches of a new institution which draws to itself every week more young people than are in the churches on Sunday, more young people than are in the schools on week-days—an institution whose influence on our young people, in the judgment of educators, is second only to the influence of the family, the church and the schools. *Yet of this institution, and the men behind it, and its possibilities for good, the average parent has not yet taken the trouble to make himself or herself informed.*

"The church has its pastors and governing committees; the school is watched over jealously by associations of parents and teachers. The motion picture theater, which draws as many children as either, for almost as many hours in the week as either, is not yet taken seriously by thousands of us. And yet the motion picture theater has unquestionably come to remain—a permanent, potent factor in our lives."

A woman missionary in China was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them.

"Why," cried one, "you can walk and run as well as a man."

"Yes, to be sure," said the missionary.

"Can you ride a horse and swim, too?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be as strong as a man!"

"I am."

"And you wouldn't let a man beat you—not even if he was your husband—would you?"

"Indeed, I wouldn't," the missionary said.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said, softly:

"Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."—*Southern Women's Magazine.*

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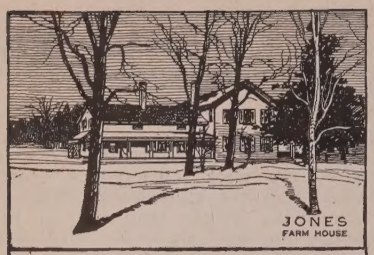

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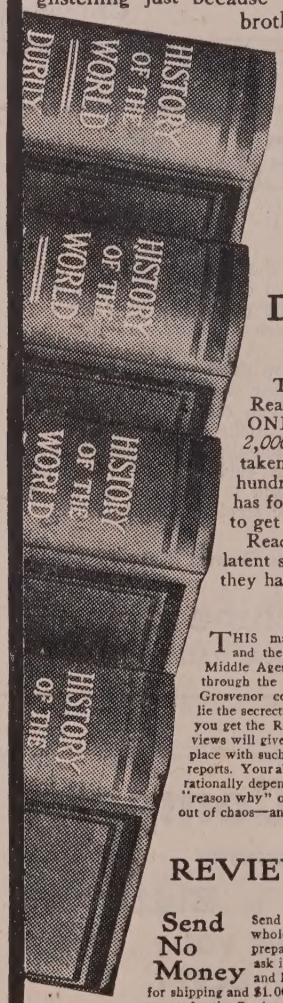

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